Daily & Eagle

WASHINGTON LETTER. Some Phases of Life in the Capital City— The Army of Office-Seekers and Their Varied Experiences.

[Special Correspondence.] The most prolific theme of conversation to disinterested enlookers in Washington is the office-seeker, and his name is legion. It is a subject which runs the entire gamut of susceptibilities, from grave to gay, from better hap to worse. These patriotic gen-tlemen came here in February as they did four years ago, and every other four years agone for a full half century past, like an army with banners. Although they did not come "as a wolf on the fold" it may truthfully be figuratively stated that their "coborts were gleaming with purple and gold." Yes, they were clad in shining raiment and fine linen. The sheen of their silver coin was as stars on the sea, where the blue wave rolls lightly on deep Gaillee. Upon every face was written the word hope,in illuminated type, and that was printed on a background of confidence which was unmistaka-ble. Each man bore in propria persons the marks of distinction, the badgeof the legion of honor, won by party service on the dark and bloody grounds which surround the rostrum and the first-class hotel at which they stopped during the campaign. I am personally acquainted with probably about three hundred of the best class of office scekers from the various States, and there is only one practical man in the whole num-

He is an ex-Congressman from a Western

State. He says: "When another man was nominated to succeed me, I saw that my political life was ended and immediately resumed the practice of law. Having been in Congress eight years I had lost my cunning and was not a very good lawyer. But the fact that I was an ex-Congressman brought me some practice and I was doing well when the late campaign commenced. The State and National committees called on me to do some public speaking, and they paid me handsomely for my services. was pure business with me it should have rested there. But, being worked up to political enthusiasm, and our party being successful, I got on stehing for public life again. I like Washington as a place of residence, as all do who have served here in Congress. It seemed to me that an executive office would just suit me, and my family did not demur the idea of coming back here to live; so I cost about me for something nice, and neluded to ask for it. Our Senators and presentatives encouraged me in the belief that to ask was to receive, and here I am. I ought to have known better. True, I served in Congress with General Harrison; true, I knew the crowd of office-huntwould be large; but not until the week after inauguration did it dawn forcibly upon me that there were more men, better men, stronger men for these places. I did not need an introduction to the President, and hence went to see him and told him what I wanted. He smiled regretfully (and I know he was sincere), and in-formed me that the position was already pre-empted for another. He asked me to something else, and I left him to look up another position of similar caliber. Two days later I called and named another place, and that, teo, had been practically promised. I have not been there since. I am ashamed of myself for entering the race. I am going back home and shall resume work. My people will for the time being think less of me than ever. They will put me down for a small man. I ar opes that they will not long so regard me, for I shall agree with them, and, like a repentant sinner, confess my faults, beg pardon, and promise pover to do so again

He is a good man. There is no abler man in the country for a legal position such as he sought. But he would have stultified himself to have remained here begging the delegation, of which he was form prominent member, to go day after day sociting a new place as an alms for him. It is a pity that more can not be like him in reaching an early conclusion concerning the vanity of vanities of office-seeking. The small fry are here in great numbers. The men who did petty services to Congressnothing short of pitiable. As the days go lety gives away to despair. They move from first-class hotels to second, third and fourthrate places, finally winding up in ches lodging bouses in the suburbs. Instead of



THE INTERRUPTED OATH.

riding in street-cars they walk. Their shoes are showing evidences of usage. The fringe of their trousers creeps infinitesimally, but surely, higher and higher. No amount of brushing will obliterate the shine and tter of the gloss on their diagonal coats. Simving cests money, and beards are covering erstwhile smooth faces. It is pleasant to write these facts, and I do it may prove beneficial and instructive to the or to see a true picture of the condition of the chaser of the ignis fatuus of public office. I had a conversation this evening with the chairman of a county committee it one of the middle States. He is honest and sincere to the core of him. He says:

"My friends at home, I know, esteem me highly. From a provincial stand-point, they onsider the best in the land none too good for me. I receive letters daily from friends sking me what on earth causes the delay in my appointment. I came here expecting of the best offices in the Treasury De partment, but would now accept a position of watchman at \$60 per month rather than go home. But even those places are I told Senator Blank my con lition this afternoon, and he loaned me \$50 It gailed me to be in that condition, but had to ask it, for I am needy. I asked him for a messengership, or any thing ob tuinable, and he will do what he can for me; but what can he do? The places are not to be had. I have seen the secretaries of three departments, and shown them my indorsements, in the presence of my Representative, but there is nothing for me. I do not blame the beads of departments for not accomplishing what is impossible. Twenty into one, according to arithmetic, won't go. And there are not less than twenty men here for each position. Nearly all of us will be disappointed, and I am onof the unfortunates. I am in a humiliated condition both here and at home. I feel that the most sensible thing for me to do is to go home and own up beat, but I haven't the moral courage to meet my friends. It seems simply a question of time, however,

and I must make up my mind to bear it." Here is an instance of the desperation of ce-seekers: The Postmaster-General ordered the appointment of an excellent not exceeded on so per cent.

man to an important position. The bath of office was prepared, the notary public summoned, and the gentleman ready to be sworn in, when the Postmaster-General came-out of his room and ordered that the appointment be withheld until the next day. No one could imagine the occasion of day. No one could imagine the occasion of such sudden and strange procedure. As a bit of inside history, and as a matter of actual fact, it may be related that one of the rival candidates for the position sent a friend at the last moment to tell the Post-master-General that the successful man "is a drinking man, a man who drinks to ex-cess." The fact is, the man used to be addicted to drink, occasionally to hilarity, but for two years past has not touched a drop of liquor in any form. It was enough, how-ever, for the rival candidate to use that ancient fact against him, and cut him off from hope just as the cup of happiness was placed to his lips. Did it benefit the in-former? Not at all. He was rejected, and has not been appointed. But to destroy the chances of the successful man, and thus



enable him to think that his own opportunities might be enhanced, he deliberately knifed him, and did it with almost flendish aboriginal heartlessness. Worst of all, the victim of that assault does not know, and never will know, who stabbed him in the back. All that he knows is that the Postmaster-General changed his mind. That is a phase of the business which has probably ver before occurred, and it serves to show to what venomous lengths of envy, jealousy and vengefulness this greed of office will induce men to go.

The oddest of all office-seekers ever seen at the White House was Lizzie Morrill, of Suspension Bridge, N. Y. She is only thirteen years old, and her short dresses do not cover the swelling calves of her legs, stockinged as they are in brilliant red. Her long yellow bangs and the golden curis which cluster about her baby face made her an attractive picture as she ran lightly up the staircase to Secretary Halford's room, to tell her story about the candidacy of her father for the position of collector of the port at Suspension Bridge. Evidently she had heard it talked over at home, and believed that she could help her papa's cause. She reminds me of bright May Macauley, of this city, who went to John Sherman, when he was Secretary of the Treasury, and got an office for herself. Her story, substantially, was this: "My father was naval officer, and gave his life to his country. Mamma and I are comparatively poor, and she can't work, but I can. I want an office, and I've come to camp right here until you give me one, for I must have it." She was a perfect beauty. No blonde ever wore prettier suit of hair, nor more delicate complexion. Her form was one of nature's poems of finest handiwork.

She was witty, intelligent, cultured and determined. The grim and imperturbable Secretary was moved to compassion, and he gave her an office. She held it, too, until a wise young man from New Jersey came here and promoted her from a cierkship to a wifeship, and we seldom see her now in Washington. But it is not written in the books that ever before in the history of the Republic any girl went to the White House as an office-seeker.

Down at the Government printing office the scene is one which stirs the depths of human sympathy. There are hundreds of families dependent upon the employment of men in counties or districts, or even in families dependent upon the employment of whole States, have come like budding father, mother, sister or brother; and there flowers in the spring; and all they can get has been "a furlough." That is, the approthree hundred employes are given leave of by their purses grow slenderer, and anx- absence, without pay. In other words, they are discharged, and it is questioned whether they will be re-employed when the new appropriation becomes available in July. This lamentable condition occurs annually. All during the year the employes must calculate upon the inevitable "furlough," the enforced idleness of two or three months, with the possibility that some politician will succeed in getting a stranger in one's place, thus cutting off employment until the following December, when a Congressman may succeed in procuring a temporary reinstate ent. The same state of affairs exists at the Department of Agriculture and Bureau of Engraving and Printing. The are praying to get "in." They are all deserving of pity if not of sympathy, poor things. SMITH D. FRY.

SCIENTIFIC SUNDRIES.

THE singular, incombustible mineral known as asbestos was first mined as an article of commerce in Canada in 1878, and has become a regular and rapidly developing industry.

An English electrician has invented a material that he calls "alterion," for the prevention of corrosion in boilers. The interior of the boiler is coated with the material, and from time to time electrical currents are sent through it.

The experiment at the Los Angeles, Cal. lighting station with crude oil instead of coal under the boilers but corroborates what was long since proved. Oil gives an intenser, and, above all, a more even heat than coal, not to speak of its convenience.

THE Westinghouse Electric Company has for the market an electric cigar-lighter. bare wire loops at the end of a handle, which are contained in incombustible materisl, are heated to a red heat, and the cigar red-hot coal. It is said that nots will ruin a wooden

building in a few months after attacking it, eating the beams hollow, leaving nothing but a thin shell. They even attack freight cars when they are left standing idle any ength of time, and have been known compietely to destroy the cab of a locomotive that was left in the round house for a few

MR. THOMAS A. EDISON is shipping models of his work to the Paris Exhibition Universelle, and 8,000 square feet of floor space has been allotted to him in the main build-The most elaborate and fanciful exhibit is to be an enormous incandescent lamp, forty feet high, the globe of which is

made up of 20,000 incandescent lamp bulbs DR. J. M. EDMUNDS, in a paper in a dental thly, advocates the implanting of metallic roots in the jaw and the building of artificial teeth upon them. He believes that this method opens new possibilities for dentistry. By planting two metallic capsules in the rear of the jaw and two in the forward portion, he thinks it practicable to lay a foundation for a complete set of permanent

In regard to the recent discovery that the ginss bottles in which wine is kept sometimes affect its quality, M. Pelligot, the chemist, says that such changes are due to the action of the ingredients employed in the preparation of the glass; thus an undue admixture of time and magnesia, which are often substituted for sods and potash, being cheaper, acts injuriously upon wine, while it improves when the proportion of time does

SCHWATKA IN MEXICO.

Glance at Some Interesting Ruins in Northern Chihuahua.

A Day Spent with the Relics of a People of Long Ago—Elch Silver Mines and Mexican Methods of Mining—Big Fortunes Awaiting Americans Who Will Use Their Brains and Skill to Dig Them Out—Crossing the Casas Grandes. [Copyrighted, 1882.]

IN THE FIELD, NORTHERN CHIRDARUA, MEXICO, March 20, 1869. One of the interesting pecularities of the numerous ruins in Northwestern Chihuahua, that indicates a once dense population liv-ing off the soil, is in the way that most of them seemed to have met their fate. When a ruined house is dug into, all the skeletons of its occupants are found in what might be combined kitchen and di room-for these two rooms were in oneand always near a fire-place. The postures of these skeletons are as various as it is possible for the human body to assume. They are found kneeling, stretched out, some times with their locked hands over their heads, on their sides, and again with their children in their arms, no two being alike, at least in the same house, or series of houses where they were united into a pueblo. Now in the whole study of sepuiture it has been universally found, even among the lowest savages as well as the most civilized, whatever form of burial they adopt, no matter what may be the absurdity of it from our point of view, that it is always uniform in the main points, allowing, of course, some slight deviations for caste or rank. The position of these skeletons in their own houses controvert this theory and have led some to believe that they were destroyed there by a great earth-quake or other violent action of nature. I had a long talk with Mr. Davis, superin tendent of the Corralitos Company, who has made something of a study of these ancient ruins from having them almost forced on him, and he not only believes that they were destroyed by a violent earthquake, but that this cataclysm caught them at the evening meal. He infers this latter from a consideration of the customs of the present almost pure-blooded Indian race here, called Mexicans, that must have de-scended from the old race, but singularly enough know nothing of their ancient pro-

While at Corralitos Mr. Davis told me of a set of ruins about half way between his aclenda and Casas Grandes near Barranca. I visited it next day, and what I found, coupled with his own researches, is about the following: The first thing noticeable is well-defined road leading straight up a hill to a slight bench overtopped by a higher hill at the end of the bench. Here is an ancient ruin built of stone and looking very much like a position of defense. It may have been a sacrificial place, for otherwise I can not accout for the careful construction of the road leading to it. Had it een purely for defense the road would not have been needed, especially so well made; but experience has taught me that when no other reasonable explanation can be found for a doing, that superstitious or religious motives can then be readily introduced to

On the top of the hill is a fortification, probably, with a wall about twenty feet from the top, overtopped and al-most hidden by a hanging mesquite bush. At the base of both hills is a series of mounds extending as far as the eye can reach, and I almost feel afraid to place an estimate on the number I saw. More than that, I am afraid to say who the mounds really represent buildings at all. In all other mounds there is sign of the house-walls protruding through the closely resemble the other mounds in all other respects. Every thing goes to show that these people were on the defensive, and that defense was often necessary. These ruins look very much older than any others that I have visited here, but much of it can be accounted for, I think, by the sandy character of the district. Nothing makes any abandoned building or other work of man look so very antiquated as drifting sand piling up around it. This town, therefore, may have been contem-poraneous with the ruined towns of the Casas Grandes valley generally, although the latter look much more recent from have already more than hinted, all these valleys along the foot-hills of the Sierra



FIG. 1-ROAD LEADING UP TO DAVIS HILL Madre mountains may have held a dense population when these ancient people so-journed here. If the physical character-

istics were the same as at the present time it is easy to account for. To the westward it is too mountainous for many people to find homes and cultivate the soil, while to the eastward the country is too barren after one passes the line of lakes or where the mountain rivers sink.

A view of this road as we saw it from the plain in the flat valley of the Casas Grandes s given in figure 1, and the first small ruin on the first hill is shown in figure 2. circular ruins higher up on the second hill and the fortification on the top are not shown, as they are really not visible from the low point where the sketch was taken by Mr. Landeau, our artist. From the fortification summit, the view, from a military stand-point, was one of the most complet that could be desired. From both sides the hills retreated, giving full scope to the eye en the current is turned on a bunch of up and down the broad valley, every square yard of which was probably irrigated and cultivated, while just back of the fortification or to the eastward, the Escondido ighted just as it would be lighted from a Mountains opened out into a valley that made any surprise by an enemy from that side impossible. In short, the fortification could be left defenseless by the people in clear weather, or during such weather as they would be likely to work on their farms, and with a few keen-sighted sentinels posted there they could give the alarm of a coming hostile incursion in simple time for the population to man the intrenchmentabefore an attack could possibly be

made by the most rapidly moving enemy. This, of course, assumes that the ablebodied citizen of that day was equally an artisan or farmer and a soldier when an enemy approached, an assumption which we know is well founded with so many of the ancient races, although arms now is considered a definite profession. Returning from Davis Hill, an outlying but prominent foot-hill of the Escondido (Hidden) mountain, we passed through the old deserted Mexican mining town of Barranes It plainly showed its ancient character in the long rows of slag that had come from the adobe furnaces, part of which standing. The primitiveness of the work and the richness of the ore they smelted was shown by our driver who had had some experience in mining, and who picked up a small piece of slag almost pure lead and silver in probably the same proportion it had existed in the vein. He made no besitation in asserting that, with new improved machinery such as that employed in the mining districts of the United States and with a railroad running near by, all the immense sing piles, the refuse of probably fifty years of Mexican mining, could be worked over with a decided profit to the

people-handling it. There are probably a dozen great fortunes lying dormant in the different slag-piles of the old mines of Northwestern Chihuahua alone. And yet these people still persist in working in this way with improved machinery all around them. While we were at the little Mexican town of La Ascension we saw about a dozen natives working by this method which is as old as that mentioned in the Bible. The rich ore, showing probably \$250 to the ton, had been pried out of the vein with crow bars and rough blasting and then brought to the town on the backs of burros. the huge rocks were broken at first with sledge hammers until they were reduced to a size about as big as one's fist, so that they could be handled and broken by smalle hand hammers until it was almost as fine as



FIG. 2-RUINS ON DAVIS HILL

sand. It was reduced to a complete powder by being beaten in coarse leathern bags. It was then taken and mixed with water and thrown into an arasbra, which is a cross be-tween a coffee-mill and quartz crusher; in short, it is four stones tied to a revolving mill-bar drawn by the inevitable mule of Mexico.

This makes a paste rich in granulated silver which is mixed with salt and boiled in a little pot as if they were making applebutter, or putting up the preserves for a family's winter use, instead of working one of the richest veins of silver in a country celebrated for its valuable silver mines. This resulting mass is washed out in a pan like a prospective miner washes for signs of gold in the sand and gravel of a me stream, with the exception that quicksilver is put in to form an amalgam with the now liberated silver. This is pressed out with the hand and the little ball of amalgam, as bright as silver itself, has the mercury driven off by a furnace big enough to fry the eggs for a party of two, and the pure silver ball, glistening like hoar frost in the morning sun, is beaten down to the size of a big marbie to prevent it, in its very friable condition, from breaking to pieces. It is exasperating in the extreme to see such disical works of man applied to the rich offerings of nature. In my first two hundred miles of travel I passed half as many silver "prospects" that would pay well if a railroad ran within a day's easy haul of them, that are now idle, and that will remain so until Anglo-Saxon blood, muscle and machinery get into these parts to change the present sluggish course of affairs.

The most exaggerated reports are the most likely to come from the worst parts of the country, for where a man owns a rich mine he has a dozen incentives for keeping it quiet to where he has one in publishing it to the world. Nor does the Mexican Government publish such an array of statistics as we are accustomed to give every decade on mining as well as other matters. As a consequence, the richest silver mines of the world, as well as those of some of the other precious metals, are hidden away in the wilds of the norther n part of Mexico, and the great reading world knows less about them than they do of many thousands of other enterprises of not one-tenth the importance. This would be almost impossible in the United States, and hard to comprehend in that country, but as easy as the proverbial rolling off a log in Mexico.

My trip of over two hundred miles down the eastern slope of the Sierra Madre mountains, from the boundary between the two countries, coupled with the information I had gained en route, showed me that I could undoubtedly do better by attempting to make my way through the great range from the westward, so the remainder of this article details our change of base from the State of Chihuahua to that of Sonora to the westward, preparatory to piercing the Sierra Madres at the most available line for the best interests of the expedition. There was but very little out of routine travel for a day or two, until we came to the third crossing of the Cassas Grandes river, at a point so near its mouth or where it emptied into Laguna Guzman, that we felt sure we would have little trouble in crossing it, for as I have already explained, most of civers of this country are the larger the nearer they get to their heads. There had been no rains to swell the streams, and our rprise can therefore be imagined when we reached the river to find it a raging torrent. It was over the backs of our small-est horses and over the tops of all the con beds, so the prospect was not couraging for a crossing with our effects in a dry condition.

A long experience in frontier field service had taught me that it was seldom wise to await the falling of a swollen river if it could be crossed at all, and so we set to work to get over the obstreperous stream.

The leads on the wagons were piled high above the beds, and this made them top heavy, the great empty beds acting like so many boats as they dashed into the river, contributing very much to making the whole thing unstable. One driver, a Mexican by the name of Chaves, had the worst time of it in a low, light wagon drawn by two small pentobronchos. The flood swept him down stream under an overhanging clump of willows, despite a rope tieds to the tongue of the wagon and another behind held firmly by a baif dozen persons on the upstream side. But he was as cool at the head as at his feet, although he was knee deep in the ice-water of the river as he stood upright in the wagon bed. A moment's waiting to allow the horses to regain their bewildered senses and Chaves swam them upstream to the crossing, the men with a whoop and yell dragged the whole affair on shore, looking like drowned rats tied to a dripping cigar box. We were three hours and a quarter getting over the river, which was finished just atmight fall, but we felt as if we could have lynched the man who wrote that Merico was a vast waterless tract of country. We saw enough water that day to have supplied Bourbon County, Kentucky, for a full century. A good system of conserving the water supre would allow thirty Caucasains to live off of the soil to where one Mexican is FREDERICK SCHWATEA.

The man who tells you be is no slouch generally makes a mistake.

SHORT AND SHARP

THERE seems now to be more varieties of mean and contemptible men than ever. An angry maid servant can create quite variety of trouble in a family when disposed.

Tuz youthful Beau Brummels of the day seem provided with every thing except brains. Ir ever half the "society youths" of to-

day have to earn their living they will starve to death. It is very hard to convince the ambitious,

but impecunious, that the fruit of patience is always sweet. PROFLE who are poor have no right to con vey the idea that they are rich sad thereby

ccive and swindle. It is astonishing how many disreputable persons are allowed to make headquarters at alleged first-class hotels.

Unconventional women are never put upon a pedestal as bright examples of all Tue happiness of fashionable people does not depend on the affection and esteem they

PRETTY WOMAN AND GIRL

As I waited at the stati Something less than half awake, On my ears, grown tired of listening For the train I meant to take, Fell a sound of childish laughter, And immediately after Came a vision would have charmed ma Were I-what I'm not-a churl. 'Twas a pretty little woma With a pretty little girl

Her lips—I mean the woman's— There was mischief in their smile, Her cunning feet—the baby's— They were duncing all the while; And no form was ever neater Than mamma's, and nothing sweeter Than her plump, white neck—the wee one's-And the wayward little curl On the forehead of the woman With the pretty little girl.

I was prompt, as you may guess, I was prompt, as you may guess. To protect the winsome couple
From the jostling and the press.
Happy chance—to safely guide lem;
Happier still—to sit begide lem
And watch their winsome ways until
I found my heart in peril.
And stole a guiden kiss from her—
I mean the little girl!

Then I wondered if Lquizzed the Little girl about her pa. And should get a pensive answer From her blithe and bonny ma, Would it make me broken-hearted Should she softly sigh "Departed "-And I helped them through the whiri To the arms of "John," said mamma, "Papa!" screamed the little girl.

AFTER FIVE YEARS.

A Fair Exchange of Love Which Was Indeed No Robbery.

[N. Y. World.] " Diana! my own darling Diana!" With a low cry of utter gladness the oung man hurried forward and clasped girl to his breast-clasped her and sed her, and looked down joyfully into the startled violet-blue eyes; but she, laughing and blushing in lovely embarrassnt, tore herself out of his arms and stood

shyly before him. "I'm not Diana—I'm only Dolly," she explained, demurely. "And you must be Roy Van Alstyn, though I did not know Diana was expecting you home so soon. "She was not expecting me; I planned to take her by surprise. Is it possible this is little Dolly! You were in short frocks when I went away, my dear. You are the living image of your sister," he said, regarding her with a mingled look of surprise, confusion and admiration.

"Oh, indeed!" answered Miss Dolly, not particularly flattered. "But she is not a great deal older than I am." "Of course," murmured the young man, more and more confounced; 'you are the picture of what she was five years ago en I saw her last."

"I am eighteen and my sister is twentythree," remarked Dolly, with a little air of superiority, looking straight up into the eyes of this tall, fine-looking fellow whom she thought the most "taking" gentleman she had ever met, and who, she knew, had made a clear \$2,000 by his five-years' la-

"But Diana is just as pretty as ever," she added, patronizingly, "and will be awfully glad to have you back, I suppose. She doesn't have much fun, you see, for the fellows all understand she's engaged; and I'm glad you've come for her at last, before she gets to be a downright old maid. Shall I run to the house and tell her?"

"I have been in the house and spoken to your mother; Diana was out here in the rden, she said; and that was one reason I made the mistake, I suppose," he said, dreamily, his eyes still lingering on the beautiful, flower-like face, so fresh, so piquant, so perfect. Dolly was a born coquette, and selfish to the core of her vain little heart. She was fully aware of the impression she was making; even now she was thinking, with a thrill, "would it be possible to cut Diana out, and catch this handsome and generous fellow for her-

For the Davenports were poor, and Dolly longed for costlier dresses and jewels to set off her beauty; she envied her older sister her good luck; beaux Miss Dolly had such as this-rich and fascinating. She glanced up at him from under her long, curling lashes "It's too bad I got the first kiss."

laughed, the soft color flying to her wildrose face. "Diana will be furious."
"Don't tell her, then," murmured Roy, laughing a little, too, and unable to withdraw his admixing gaze from the lovely young girl. "Five years! I never thought

about their changing Diana; yet of course "Oh, but a man-s man ought to be eight or ten years the older."

"You think that, do you, Miss Dolly!" "Why, of course. My lover must be all

"Have you any one in particular in your mind's eye. Dolly!" he asked, laughing because she taughed.
"Not yet," with a little affected sigh.

"Somehow the youths of our rural neighberhood hardly come up to my ideal. But really I must look about for my sister You must be duing to see her, I know, after all these years. Why, five years to me seems like half a life-time! I wonder you've had the patience to stand here listening-to my nonsense; I won't tell Diana how you took the for her."

Roy Van Alstyn himself wondered why he had remained by Dolly and let her talk without demanding to see his sweetheart. He had come into that sweet June garden, eyes and heart aglow, his whole soul rush ing in advance of his footsteps. For now, at last, after "long toll and endeavor," the supreme hour so intensaly longed for was here, when he should "feel the arms of his

true love around him once again. Meantime, not six feet away, outside the leafy arbor, sitting in the deep, glistening, fragrant grass, a book in her-tap, showers of rose-petals drougned over her gold hair and pale-blue dress, was Diana Davenport, a moment ago dreaming happily over her coming lover, but now white as death, her hands clenched, her lips quivering. gave no token of her nearness, and the two moving away in search of her did not learn

that she had overheard their little chat. Dolly was always entirely selfish," whispered to herself after a time. "I have given up every thing else to her, and now she will try to win him."

She crept carefully out of the garden into the house. "My dear, Rny has come," her mother called out joyfully, as she was slipping up to her moom.

Yes, mamma. I must smooth my hair." Once safe in her room she looked at herself long and seal year the mirror.

"If I am pale and grave and thoughtful," she marmured, "I have become so waiting and watching for him. If I had

loved him less I'might not have pined away my roses. Yes, Dolly is tovery-soft and tender and lovely as the roses out thereand as soulless. But he will see only her girlish bloom, and she-she will break my

It was half an hour and over before Dolly rought Roy to the house in the search for Dians, who was waiting in the cool dim. mine-scented parlor, pale and quiet and

The flory-trail ofteed October was over The flory-trail officed October was over all the fand. There were coral seed-cups on the wines over the trellis, but roses no longer. Great-clumps of chrysanthemoms flamedin-the game, but the behotzops and mignotestic were no more. A perfect glory of mornlight fleeded the long porch which gave grace to the plain, roomy cottage where withough mother had record to describe a widered mother had record to describe a widowed mother had reared two lovely daughters - daughters whom to-morrow showas to lose, as mothers lose girls whom regard to the effects.

ney give to men in marriage

There were a dozan meany young people promenading the porch in the white glbry of the night—bridesmaids and best men, as well as the two pains of flovers—Dolly, clinging lightly to the strong arm of Roy Van Alstyn, and Diana pacing side by side with the man she had gromised to marry—a suitor who had fallen in love with Dolly first, but on being refused by her in favor of Roy, had turned to the clider sister, apparently as well satisfied—a widower from the city, out in the country for his health; a wealthy merchant who could offset Roy's that the gas beaunder a wealthy merchant who could offset Roy's twenty-five thousand with ten times that sum; fifty years of age, of courtly manners and refined habits,

"He was not a bad match for Diana," her friends said. "She was so quiet, the great difference in their age would not be so observable; and really, after the way Van Alstyn jilted her for her sister, it must be quite a triumph for her to make such a match before his very eyes."

Oh, yes; it must be a great triumph! Doubtless Diana felt it so as she walked proudly and calmly by Mr. Burleigh's side, her fair face fairer still in the brooding whiteness of the moon, her beautiful eyes lifted to the shining heaven with a strange look in them. To many she seemed leve-lier than her more blooming sister—a lily purer and more precious than any rose. As they passed and repassed each other in the moonlit promenade Roy's eyes were aiways lifted from the piquant face of his own partner and fixed with troubled scrutiny on that other quieter face, but his anxious look was never returned.

"I declare, Roy," pouted his bride-elect, "you seem to be walking in your sleep. If you are going to be silent and stupid Pil steal Diana's fellow and let her have you. Come, Mr. Burleigh, let us run away and hide, like poor Ginevra. It's a giorious night for a walk "

night for a walk."

Dropping Roy's arm she ran up to the other couple, with that pretty, sparkling, half-defiant way of hers.

"You have got to lend him to me for a while, Di. Pit give you Roy to keep for a few minutes, as little girls lend their dolls. Be sure you take good care of him, and don't let him get broke.' I'm afraid it's sullen to night-or sorry, who knows and Pd rather bave Mr. Bucleigh 2

Dolly could say all sorts of things with safety. People only smiled at her folly as at that of a pretty child. But Roy's face flushed darkly as she dragged the elderly fiance away from his betrothed, nothing loth for a lark with his jolly sister-in-law to

"Turn about is fair play," he said, soberly. "Diana, will you time my arm?"
She would not refuse it, though he observed her hesitate. In a minute they were walking along the graveled drive on into the frost-kissed garden, along the winding paths shining in the moonlight. Finally in that very arbor where he had met and kissed Dolly, Roy suddenly stopped and threw at his companion a look that turned her pale cheeks even paler. of anguish, long stifled, uncontrollable, burst-from him in a few desperate words:

"Diana, why have you treated me so since I came back! I came to you, after five years' tell for us both, faithful, loving. ardent, eager-and you froze me look! In one cruel moment you allowed me to see that your love for me was dead. What I suffered under that blow none but myself will ever know. It is late to speak to you now, but I must ask you why you treated me so cruelly!"

" It is late, as you say, and you seem to have easily comforted yourself, Roy." "Ah, now you are bitter! Would you like it better if you had crushed all life and hope out of me! You tried hard enough! Little Dolly was kinder—little Dolly insed me, and was sorry for me. I was grateful to her-I shall try to make her happy; but

there will only be one love for me in this world. Diana." "Roy!" The passionate ring of pain in her voice thrilled him with wonder.

"It is wicked-deceitful-terrible, for you to say this to me now! Roy, I was within hearing of your every word when you came back that day, met my sister on this very spot, mistook her for me, kissed her for me-and then-loved her for herself. She was to you what once I was. Oh, she was fair and gay, and the pink of her cheek was more to you than the white of mine, worn white and thin for love and longing for him who came home to find me faded and sad-and to fall in love with my sister!"

"As Heaven is over us, Diana you do me strange injustice. Adid mistake Dolly for you, and I admired her because she was you. In my heart I laughed at her girlish vanity, and condemned her selfish ness; in five minutes: I saw that her soul was not like her body, the image of yours; when I found you, at last, my heart melted in speechless love at the sight of the grave. noble, beautiful girliwhom I thought my own; you know how you received me, Diana how you chilled me how you shrunk from me. And, Diana, the very day you asked to be free of your engage ment, poor, foolish, fend little Dolly herself into my arms and asked me to take her instead. I never can love her; but I will be good to her, for your sake, Diana. seems so strange to me that you, of all women, should be cold and worldiy-for it is the money-alone for which you must be

marrying this other man." He stood and looked at her as if trying to understand and read the beautiful woman who had so buffled him. He looked haggard in the moonlight-unutterably sad and hopeless. Her dark blue eves searched his for a moment, then her white face was buried in ber-hands.

"It is all a mistake on both sides," she rhispered. "I was too proud—too sensitive-and Dolly was too artful. She has hurt me, Roy, to the doubt. I thought that you liked her best-that I was forgottenthat you would be glad to be free. And so I spoke; but it broke my heart. Oh Roy, why do I tell you this now! It is too late." "Oh, Dolly! cruel, cruel Dolly!" mocked

a voice, but it was not Roy's. "Oh, wicked, wicked Dolly!" went on the merry, mocking voice. And then Diana raised her startled face

from her trands and looked about There, close beside har, stood hernaughty sister, recidessly laughing.

"It's the very strangest thing "she went" on, unblushingly; "of all coincidences it is the luckiest—that Mr. Burieigh should just have been telling me that it was the he first and last and only wanted, though my sister was awfully nice and all that; and I -I like his money-and now Thave com ask, please, may I have him, Diana! and it will be such fun to surprise every

MISTAKES WE MAKE.

To Labon when you are not in a fit condi-To concupe that the smallest room in the

house is impresentable to steep in.
To take of proper clothing out of season because you have become heated.

To reink the more a person eats the healthier and stronger he will become. To magnis that if some work or exercise

is good, violent or prolonged exercise is To THINK any nostram or patent medicin is a speculo for all the diseases the fiesh is

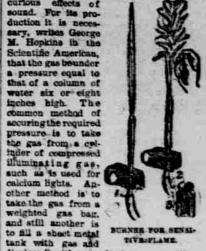
To so to bed late at night and rise at day-break, and imagine that every hour taken from sleep is an boar gained.

To assume that children can do as much work as grown people, and that the more boursthepatudy the more they learn.

To ner mastryon had only a minute to fin-ish themester, or to out willout an appo-tite, or combine after it has been satisfied, rely to maisty the taste.

To make that whatever remedy causes one to feel immediately better (as alcoholic stimulants) is good for the system, without

The sensitive flame observed by Dr. Le Conte and afterward developed by Tyndali exhibits some of the curious effects of



BURNER FOR SENSIdisplace it with water in the manner illus

trated in Fig. 4. The burner is shown in Figs. 1. 2 and 3. It consists of a small tip inserted in the end of a suitable tube. The fip in the present case is made of brass, but these commonly used for this purpose are of startle. They are superior to the metal ones, but quite expensive. The writer is indebted to Prof. W. Le Conte Stevens, of Brooklyn, for a hint on this goint. Prof. Stevens has found that some of the lara pinhole burner tips used in certain kinds of was stoven answer adin certain istude of gas stoves answer ad-mirably for this purpose, and cost very

A tip with a round, smooth hole is to be selected. The bone of the tip is here shown tapering. Its smaller diameter is .005 meh. tapering. Its smaller diameter is .015 inch. The burner is supported in the manner shown in Figs. 1 and 3 or in any other convenient manner, and gas under a suitable pressure flows through and is ignited. The flame will be tail and stender as shown in Fig. 1. By regulating the gas pressure carefully, an adjustment will be reached at which the flame will be on the verge of flaring. flaring. A very slight increase of pressure

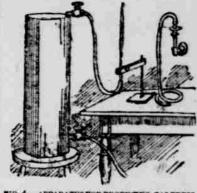
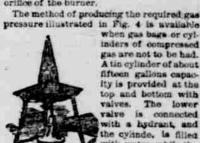


FIG. 4.—APPARATUS FOR PRODUCING GAS PRESS.

beyond this point will cause the flame to shorten and roar. When the flame is at the point of flaring, it is extremely sensitive to certain sounds, particularly those of high pitch. A shrill whistle or a hiss will cause it to flare. The rattle of a bunch of keys will produce the same result. It will re-spond to every tick of a watch held near it. Tyndall says that when the gas pressure is increased beyond a certain limit, vibrations are set up in the gas jet by the friction of the gas in the orifice of the burner. These vibrations cause the flame to quiver and shorten. When the flame burns steadily, any sound to which the cas jet will respond will throw it into sympa-thetic vibration. Experiment has demon-strated that the seat of sensitiveness of the fame is at the base of the flame at the

oritice of the burner.



A tin cylinder of about fifteen gallons capacity is provided at the valve is connected with a hydrant, and the cylinde, is filled with water, while the upper valve is left allow of the upper valve is left
upper valve is left
plane with GAS AT escape of air. When
ondinant Prossume the cylinder—is filled

with water, the supply is shut off and a tube from a gas burner is connected with the up-per valve and the gas is turned on. Then the water is allowed to escape from the cylinder, thereby drawing in the gas. When the cylinder is filled with gas, the valves are closed and the lower one is again connected with the hydrant, while the upper one is connected with the pinhole burner. The valves on the cylinder are again opened and water is admitted at the rate required to produce the desired gas pressure. two precautions are necessary in this ex-periment; one is to avoid a mixture of air and gas in the cylinder by driving out a the air, the other is to avoid the straining of the cylinder by water pressure. Another sensitive finne, which has

several advantages over the one described, is shown in Fig. 5. Iterequires no extra gas pressure, and It is more readily control than the tall jet. It was discovered by Mr. Philip Barry, and the discoverer's letter to Mr. Tyndall concerning it is found in Tyndalls work on sound. In the produc-tion of this flame a pinhole burner, like that aiready described, is employed. Two inches above the ourner is supported a piece of 33-mesh wire gauze, about 6 inches square. The gas is turned on and lit above the wire gauze. It burns in a conical flame, which is yellow at the top and blue at the base. When the gas pressure is strong, the flame roars continuously. When the gas's turned off, so as to stop the rearing altogether, the flame beens signally and exhibits no more sensitiveness than an optimary flame. By turning on the gas slowly and steadily, a critical point will be reached at which al most anymoise will cause it to sour and become non-luminous. Any degree of sensitiveness may be attained by careful adjustment of the gas supply. A quiet room is required for this experiment. The rustle of clothes, the ticking of a chek, a whisper, a snap of the finger, the decoping of a pencil, or in fact almost any noise, will cause it to drop, become snot luminous rour. It dances perfect time to a tupe

The figure at its base presents a large surface to the air, so that appediaturbance of the air sets the fiame in active vibration. RHYMING FANCIES.

A Lay of Summer,

Pit away the scaledra paramets,
Lay wide the magazy aids:
Storothio policy of the sarmicts
Wherefive moths can not get the
Doft the garb of winder weather
And the lighter clothing due;
Get the winder screene togethere
Summy days are centing on.

Now the furnace to the odder is at rest-its and to dense; And the cost man, looks faller To his country seat has gonesy Soon the see man will be called With his floogated bill And the pedifors will be bawk Loud esough to make as all

Boss thotall came and the circ Will be seen throughout the land; Soon the plants Bends will work us In their piots to lend a hand. Bid fare wed to winter weather. Chilly days will soon be gone; Let us all rejoice together-

Summer days are coming to